

## First meet

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## First meet

by [Yoteisasingularyeet](#)

### Summary

Dreamnotfound @Simpnap

@Dreamwastaken @NotGeo

Have you two ever thought of collabing? It'd be super cool to see two of my favorite creators collab!

Dream @Dreamwastaken

Replies to @Simpnap and @NotGeo

I'm not opposed to it lol, if he's up for it he could dm me.

George stopped walking and inhaled sharply, he didn't know that someone he actually followed actually watched him. I mean, sure, they were mutuals, but half of his mutuals on his persona's twitter were just people he had heard of and had mentioned maybe once.

In which George and Dream meet online and in real life and take too fucking long to figure out they're the same people.

## Notes

This is a labor of love that I am very proud of, so if you like it please consider following my tumblr for more content.

**IF ANY OF YOU WANT TO SEE MY ART, MCYT RELATED OR OTHERWISE I POST ON MY TWITTER Ros\_makesart**

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

George stretched after a particularly long stream, he finished playing a particularly fun game of bedwars with Sapnap and Bad. He still had lots of computer science work to do, small programs to code, and papers to write up for his biology class. He took a deep breath and called out to Sapnap.

“Yo’ Nick! Are you hungry?”

“Nah, I ate before the stream. Didn’t you?”

“Lol, no. I was too busy setting everything up, and I lost my sunglasses so I spent like, an hour looking for them,” George replied, uploading the finished stream onto his computer so he could edit it at a later time.

“I’ll probably just go to the starbucks down the street, I think Zak is working so I might get a discount,” he called out, knowing that Sapnap probably wouldn’t care.

“Stop abusing your relationship with Zak and pay full price like everyone else!”

“Not in this economy!”

George walked through the campus tapping on his phone, scrolling through twitter. He saw that someone he followed, another semi-well known minecraft creator called Dream, had responded to a tweet with both him (through his public streamer twitter) and Dream were tagged in.

**Dreamnotfound** @Simpnap

@Dreamwastaken @NotGeo

Have you two ever thought of collabing? It’d be super cool to see two of my favorite creators collab!

**Dream** @Dreamwastaken

Replying to @Simpnap and @NotGeo

I’m not opposed to it lol, if he’s up for it he could dm me.

George stopped walking and inhaled sharply, he didn’t know that someone he actually followed

actually watched him. I mean, sure, they were mutuals, but half of his mutuals on his persona's twitter were just people he had heard of and had mentioned maybe once. I mean sure, Lizzie from computer animation was following him and he her, but they were only following each other because they were in similar youtube circles. George shook his head and continued his walk, deciding to unpack that idea later on, when he wasn't outside in the cool fall air.

Upon arriving at the Starbucks he realized that Skeppy wasn't working. However, an acquaintance of his, a fellow minecraft youtuber, Technoblade, otherwise known as Techno, was working.

"Hey, Techno! Could I get some coffee?"

"I dunno, can you?" Techno responded in his trademark deadpan tone. George narrowed his eyes at the sarcastic English major.

"Oh, ha-ha. I could leave right now and take all of my money back with me."

"With what money? Nick just posted that you said that you were counting on Zak being here so you get a discount," Techno said, before finally looking at him, "Admit it, you're just like the rest of us, a poor, starving, college student." His face changed into a sadistic kind of glee, keeping the same dead inflection, before becoming his trademark dead look again.

"Anyway, do you want food or not?" he asked, turning back to the cup he was drying before setting it back on the clean rack.

George was stuck in stunned silence, before hearing someone yell, "Oi! Stop terrorizing the customers and sell them food David!"

"That's not my real name Tomathy."

The boy, 'Tomathy', was a medium height blonde, with a familiar English accent. Though his sounded significantly heavier and slightly different. In one hand, he was holding a reusable Starbucks cup with a swirly straw, kicking his legs, and typing erratically on his laptop with the other; occasionally stopping to write something down on his paper. He shot Techno a glare, before going back to whatever he was working on.

"So, let me guess? The usual 1 am order?" Techno asked, blinking at George slowly, his finger hovering over the electronic cash register.

"I- sure. How much?"

"\$16.52."

"Oh hey, Techno. Do you know Dream?"

"Oh yeah, he's a pretty cool dude. Didn't he ask you to collab on twitter?"

"How did you already see that? Aren't you supposed to be working?"

"Tommy showed it to me. Also, it's like one am, nobody really comes in at this time except Tommy, who's mostly waiting for me to drive him back to my-"

"OUR!"

“Our apartment.”

“Anyway, you should work with him, he’s kinda cool. I think he goes to this school? I really don’t know because he’s like, a year younger than I am.”

“Rightttt, you’re a senior. Is that why you always sound like you want to die?”

“It’s because I’m juggling two jobs and I have to deal with a child.”

“Wh-”

“I’m the child!” Tommy called raising a hand before continuing his furious typing.

“What grade is he in? He looks like he’s in like, year 10.”

“I’m sorry. I don’t speak tea and crumpets.”

Both he and Tommy gave Techno a middle finger, before George turned around and left.

**Dream** @dreamwastaken

Geo: Hello?

Dream: Yo’

You up to collab on something?

Geo: Lol sure, what did you have in mind?

Dream: Me and a few friends have a private minecraft server and discord chat. If you’re down to join I could send you the info.

Geo: Sure

Dream: [invite link attached]

George clicked the link, before getting transferred onto the app and getting shown the invite screen.

[The dream team]

Sapnap: Yo' Geo!

Geo: Sapnap?!

Geo: You didn't tell me you were part of this group chat?!

Sapnap: You don't know a lot about me.

Bad: Yo~

Geo~

Geo: Bad~

Dream:...

apparently you all know each other already, so.

...

Wilbur: Can you not. I'm trying to work.

Tommy: Mute the chat than dumbass.

Wilbur: \*then.

also, don't forget I cook for you basically every night.

Geo: Wait are you the Tommy from starbucks?

Tommy: Uh... are you a cop?

Geo: lol no.

Tommy: Then yes.

George laughed for a minute, before washing his hands and sitting down on the couch to eat.

Dream: Anyway, I'm inviting geo to the server

Tommy: nice, someone else to prank

Wilbur: I swear.

Nvm, it's useless to reason with tommy

Tommy: damn right

George yawned, acutely aware of the time of night, and decided to finally get some rest. He wished the group chat good night and got ready for bed.

The first time George saw him he was looking around for seats in his software engineering class. He saw one beside a guy in a bright yellow (that he would later learn was a lime green) jacket. He walked up beside the guy in the jacket and gestured at the seat.

“Is this seat taken?”

“Nah, it’s free” he replied, looking at George. His eyes were a slightly darker yellow (green.), he had long eyelashes, dirty blond hair and slightly down turned eyes. George flushed before stuttering out a ‘thanks’ and sitting down. George isn’t the best artist, but he enjoyed sketching once and a while. However, he did pride himself on his realism ballpoint pen pictures. Which leads him here, sitting in his software engineering class drawing the hot guy beside him mindlessly, before noticing, blushing profusely and tearing the page out.

“Hey dude, do you have an extra pen? Mine ran out,” Yellow (for the last fucking time it’s green.) guy asked, smiling at George.

“I- uh, yeah. Here,” George replied, and handed Yellow guy his spare pen.

After class Yellow Guy handed him his pen back and introduced himself as Clay, a fellow junior

who just so happens to love the color green.

“Ya’know, it’s weird that you like green but wear a yellow jacket,” George laughed, before opening his eyes and registering his look.

“It’s not yellow, it’s lime green?” Clay said, looking fairly concerned. George looked confused for a moment and then realized his mistake.

“Oh my god, I’m so fucking stupid,” George said, clutching the bridge of his nose and breathing out, before looking back at Clay, “I’m red-green colorblind. Green looks like yellow to me,” He laughed. Clay began giggling, but didn’t want to laugh by chance of looking rude.

“I bet I looked so fucking crazy right now?” He asked, looking at Clay.

“Yeah, kinda,” Clay responded, an awkward smile appearing on his face, “Anyway, I gotta get going. I’m meeting up with some friends. See ya ‘round!”

[The Dream team]

Dream: lol i met this guy who thought my clothes were a whole ass different color

Ngl thought he was trippin’ balls for a minute there.

Sapnap: I-

Wut did he think it was like, yellow or some shit?

Dream: Lol yeah

Geo: lol felt.

Im red green colorblind so that shit’s wild as fuck

On the other hand...

So there’s this guy \*debbie ryan hair tuck\*

Sapnap: Not the new Geo crush of the week

Skeppy: Oh god, your pansexuality is showing

Bad: I-

I'm so glad I wasn't there for his last one.

Techno: who was it last week

Sapnap: Maia

Bad: Maia

Skeppy: Maia

Dream: I don't know why this is all a recurring thing but do tell~

Geo: He basically called me a freak of nature but i want him~

Sapnap: no♥

Bad: I-

Skeppy: AHAHAHAHAHAH

Techno: hahahahahaha

Geo: I- I came here to have a good time and I'm honestly feeling so attacked right now.

Dream: good, you freak of nature

Geo: Careful Dream, if you keep acting like that I might catch feelings

Dream: aha aha, unless

George's blush grew as he and Dream flirted back and forth, before he dragged himself to the living room.

"Nick~, I'm simping~"

"We know, leave me alone!"

"Rude~"

"Oh, dude. I'm gonna have a friend over later, so behave."

"Psh, I always behave," George responded, before looking at Nick, who was giving him a judgmental look.

"Well, jokes on you, I'm gonna go get some food."

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

Small word: This takes place over multiple weeks, so that means while the relationship of Notgeo and dream progresses seemingly overnight and the friendship of Clay and George seems to take forever, that's because they only have classes together once and a while.

Also because i don't want Dream to put things together too early on, George wears sunglasses, because if you wear sunglasses it's significantly harder to identify the person.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The second time George saw him was when he came home from the fast food joint he ended up choosing to go to. He saw him sitting on his sofa, laughing with Nick.

“Oh, hey! You’re back!” Nick called out, through giggles, “This is-”

“Oh hey! You’re the colorblind dude!” Clay said, before snapping his fingers repeatedly before pointing at George, “George, right?” He smiled as George nodded, before fist-pumping and saying “I told you I have a good memory.”

“Sure you do, it’s not like you forgot me at walmart after our shift together,” Nick replied, narrowing his eyes at Clay. Clay turned to him and gave him a smug smile.

“That was on purpose, try again.” Nick turned to Clay and began hitting him on his arm, before hitting him on the back of his head a few more times.

“Stop assaulting Clay, Nick. You’ve forgotten me at so many places before,” George said, before turning around. “Anyway, I’m gonna go play some games.”

“Bro, if you stream right now-”

“Wait, you stream?” Clay asked, suddenly seeming quite interested. George became bashful, not one to flaunt his status as an ‘epic gamer’ as Tommy put it.

“I mean, yeah. Once and awhile, I’m not super popular,” He answered, scratching the back of his neck.

“Dude, that’s so cool, what’s your name on twitch?” George froze, he was a completely different person on stream. Sure, he could be kinda funny but he was also a massive idiot, and he didn’t want this VERY attractive virtual stranger seeing him die because he wanted to try to beat minecraft with only a shovel.

“I- uh, I don’t really like telling people my stream name,” George lied, with Nick giving him a disappointed and confused look. George shook his head slightly, before turning to Clay.

“Sorry dude,” George answered, smiling softly.

“That sucks, guess I’ll just have to try to find you then,” Clay said, smiling at George and oh did it make George’s knees weak, arms heavy, mom’s spa-

“If you two are done flirting, Clay and I are gonna go work on our project for class.

“Oh, you have a project? I thought you guys were just hanging out,” George asked, looking at Nick, then back at Clay.

“Nah, Nick and I usually hang out when we’re gaming, I’d rather see his character than his ugly face,” Clay told George, still sporting that (very cute) smile.

“Anyway, we better get going, we have like, two programs to code before Saturday so we’re probably going to pull an all nighter,” Clay started, before facepalming, “Shit, I’m gonna miss MY stream. I really hope nobody gets super frustrated.”

“Wait, you stream too? What’s your name?”

“Sorry, but if you won’t tell me yours, I’m not gonna tell you mine,” Clay said, smirking before turning to Nick and telling him to lead the way.

That was when George knew he was whipped.

The first time Clay discovered NotGeo he was looking for references for how to manage his youtube channel. He was really interested in his content, not to mention his voice was really relaxing to listen to...except when he started screaming. Then Clay would just start laughing, or wheezing. Whichever you prefer to call it. So imagine his surprise when THE NotGeo replied to one of his tweets asking to collab.

“Alastair? Am I dreaming?”

“I don’t know, am I finally out of college with a woman’s gender studies?” They responded, giving their roommate a very tired glare.

“Look man, I’m sorry but I didn’t choose that major for you. That was all you.” Clay replied, turning around in his chair, before standing up and walking to the kitchen to get a drink for him and his roommate.

Alastair was a friend of his who also worked as a spy on his SMP server. He and Alastair decided to be roommates because his friend Nick decided to choose a random roommate because “yolo.” They lived in a comfortable routine, whoever didn’t have class or too much homework would cook and if both of them had too much work, they would order food from the nearby Chinese place.

“So, what happened?” They asked, turning around to face Clay as he opened his can of soda and tossed Alastair theirs. Alastair caught theirs before reprimanding him.

“You can’t just toss someone a soda. It’s like handing someone a lit firecracker,” They said, carefully opening the can. A small stream of soda fell onto their desk as they gave Clay an annoyed look. Clay held in a laugh as they stood up to go get a paper towel.

[The Dream Team]

Childhood traumas: YALL!

YALL I'M SERIOUS.

Sapitus Nappitus: w h a t

Do you

Bestestboyhalo: Whats up?

Sapitus Nappitus: Oh so you really about to interrupt me while I'm trying to show dream i don't give a fuck

Steps: he don't

Bestestboyhalo: language!

Also, yes. Because I actually CARE what dream has to say.

Sapitus Nappitus: I-

Sure ok bro.

Anyway, tell us what happened oh wonderful mystical dream

Childhood traumas: ok, kinda feeling attacked. Anyway, Geo said he wanted to collab so I'm adding him to the server

That also means I have to change all of our names back

Bestestboyhalo: Okie!

The first time Clay met George was when he was slightly late to his software engineering class. His usual seat (not that they had assigned seats, he just had a routine he liked to stick to) was

already taken, so he settled for his second favorite seat, a seat near the back so he was still able to see and hear, but not as clearly as he would like it. The boy with Clout goggles on his head rushed in and took a seat next to Clay, before seeming to do a double take as he examined Clay.

Clay wouldn't consider himself model worthy, but he isn't anything to scoff at either. Standing at a solid 6'3, he was fairly tall, and had dirty blonde hair and pretty green eyes, so he isn't surprised that this guy took a double take. What he was surprised at was that the boy, after checking him out, seemed to be idly drawing him without even missing a beat to write small notes. The drawing was quite pretty, not the most accurate, but it wasn't like you would throw it in the trash and coin it a plight on humanity. However Clout goggles seemed to disagree as he ripped the sheet of paper out of his notebook and shoved it in his bag.

After class, Clout Goggles seemed to pack up quickly, almost forgetting the pen that he lent Clay. Clay walked up to him and just told him, "Hey, here's your pen," before introducing himself to Clout goggles, who in turn introduced himself as George.

"I'm also a junior, I've seen you in some of the same classes but you've always just been Clout Goggles," Clay laughed, before turning fully to George.

"Yeah, I think I've seen you before, you're kinda hard to miss in your neon windbreaker," George replied.

"I mean, can you blame me? I like the color green!" George seemed to take a double take, before fixing Clay with a confused look,

"Ya'know, it's weird that you like green but wear a yellow jacket," He chuckled before looking at Clay who shot him a confused look in response.

"It's not yellow, it's lime green," He responded, becoming slightly more weirded out as George began looking from Clay to the jacket, before something seemed to click in his mind and he groaned, mumbling,

"Oh my god, I'm a fucking idiot," he turned to Clay, before replying, "I'm red-green colorblind, greens look like yellows to me."

He began laughing and Clay held in his own laugh, equal parts slightly self conscious and trying to be polite.

"I bet I looked so fucking crazy right now, huh?" George asked, looking up at Clay and, oh man, he was kinda cute.

## Chapter End Notes

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## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

These were the first three chapters I had pre-written, so the uploads might take a bit longer.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

[The Dream Team]

Bad: Now that geo's been here for a while can we change our names again?

Cuz sapnap decided to be a little muffin in the smp

Dream: I mean, sure I guess.

Bad: Great!

NotGeo: What did he do?

Bad: We made a bet that if he didn't pull a skeppy I would change my name to bestestboyhalo again.

But if he did then he had to change his name to Snapmap

Snapmap: Fuck you bad.

Bad: Language

Besides, we had an agreement

Tommyoutit: OK WHO THE FUCK GRIEFED MY HOUSE THIS TIME?!

Dream: Enderman

Bad: Enderman

Totallynotgeo: Enderman

Snapmap: Enderman

Tommyoutit: OK FUKC YOU GUYS

Bad:Idk if that counts as language cuz you messed it up but the sentiment still stands.

Totallynotgeo: Imagine using punctuation

Bad: Imagine not using punctuation.

Yaknow

Like a child

Totallynotgeo: Ok, rude.

“George, don’t you have a stream in like, 10 minutes?” Nick asked from the other room, startling the other man.

“Fuck,” he cursed, sliding his sunglasses on and powering on his pc. On his second monitor he pulled up twitch, going through the usual motions of turning on his facecam and adjusting other settings, before turning OBS on and awaiting the notification that usually appeared.

“Hi guys,” he started, booting up the SMP, before beginning to read chat.

Rosenotfound:Hi~

Bigtiddyygothgf: I'm actually making it to a stream

Baldboyhalo: wow, he's on time to his own stream, didn't know it did that

STANLOONA: OMG HI!

Dreamwastaken: oh george~

George did a double take at seeing his friend in chat, before reading chat, which had blown up upon Dream entering the stream.

Rosenotfound: OMG ITS DREAM

STANBLACKPINK: Dreamnotfound confirmed????!!!

Yoloswagking: What's dreamnotfound

And a subsequent level of pog emotes flooded through the chat.

“Hi, and yes, I am going to be playing on the dream smp today. Dream if you wanna hang out just join teamspeak,” George said, before thinking. Dream and him had never had an actual conversation. Just one on one; most of the time it was in the dream team server, and even rarely just on teamspeak with Sapnap to do one of the speedrunning videos, but never just them two.

Dreamwastaken: bet

George was startled by the sound of someone entering teamspeak and a semi-familiar “yo” from Dream.

“Sup, Dream. What are you up to?”

“I should be doing something for class but I’m instead coding this plugin,” he responded, his keyboard clicking as he typed.

“Ha, do your work, you irresponsible college student,” George replied, planting the seeds of the farm, before laughing at Dream’s indignant squawk.

“What!? We’re literally the same age!” George could hear the pout in his voice, laughing at the taller man’s whines.

“Oh, boo-hoo. I’m still older than you.”

“But I could still pick you up,” Dream retaliated, before laughing at George who spluttered and tried to find out what to say in retaliation.

“I- you, Wha- you’d never. I’m not THAT small.” He decided on, crossing his arms, before screaming as his area of the farm was blown up by a creeper. Dream’s subsequent laugh was loud and wheezing (as many of them are) as he struggled for breath in between bouts.

“You \*gasp\* just got blown up \*gasp\* because you decided \*gasp\* defending your height was more important \*gasp\* than the farm,” He wheezed. George exhaled sharply before mumbling “Pissbaby.”

The chat blew up, people were calling Dream pissbaby, asking what the big deal was, demanding to know the context, still spamming poggers and other classic phrases and #dreamisoverparty for height shaming.

“How dare you?! That was one time! Once! It wasn’t even that big a deal. I was 19!”

“Dream, it was a year ago. You’re literally only 20,” George replied, rolling his eyes at his friend (?) who had seemingly stopped typing. Not three minutes later, George’s phone lit up with a notification from twitter.

**Dream** @Dreamwastaken

@Notgeo is the bully cancel him

#Geoisoverparty #dreamisoverparty

George scoffed before asking, “Really Dream, how mature of you.”

“It was your fault. You were rude to me first,” he shot back. George once again rolled his eyes and mumbled a “whatever,” before continuing his tasks for the day.

After the stream George and Dream just sat in teamspeak for a while, just talking about school, life, and other miscellaneous things.

“By the way, your voice sounds kind of familiar, but I can’t put a finger on where I’ve heard it before,” Dream said before sighing.

“It’s probably from watching your videos. I meant to bring it up the first time we streamed together but I guess I’d forgotten while I was trying to escape being murdered,” Dream said, clicking away in his computer once again.

“Anyway, I gotta sleep. I have an early class tomorrow.”

“I do too, but I’ll probably just pull an all nighter.”

“Dude, go to sleep.”

“No~ I have to code this plug-in~”

“Go. To. Sleep,” George said, emphasizing each word. Before hanging up on Dream to go to sleep.

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the Kudos and comments, they make me so happy and inspired

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

Is this chapter a bit shorter? Yes. Will there be a double upload? maybe.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George woke up an hour before his alarm went off. He decided to go to Starbucks and get breakfast. Surprisingly, William was there rather than in the recording studio like he usually was in the mornings. Of course, Tommy was also there, seemingly chatting amiably with someone who was sitting across from him.

“Toby. Toby, stop. That’s not how you do that. You literally skipped a whole step,” Tommy fussed at the man across from him. The other boy looked extremely stressed, his hands fisted in his hair, and muttering under his breath.

“Toby. Toby, dude. Are you OK?” Tommy asked midway through his critique, suddenly very concerned for his friend. The other boy, Toby, spoke up at last.

“I really don’t understand anything you’re talking about.”

Tommy sat up, a slightly annoyed look on his face, before taking a deep breath and asking, “Do you want me to re-explain it?” Toby nodded, before sitting up as Tommy recited the information pertaining to the work.

“Tommy can be quite a handful, but he can be really caring if he needs to,” Wilbur told George, glancing away from Tommy and Toby. He glanced at George.

“So, what can I get ‘ya?”

By the time George got to his class, almost everyone was there, including Clay. George walked up to him, and sat down beside him, waving. Clay, who had been chewing on a pen and glaring at a notebook with various variable equations, waved back, smiling softly. George flushed slightly before taking out his notebook and pen. George couldn’t resist stealing glances at Clay. Although the circles under his eyes were dark, he still looked frustratingly (Read: amazingly) cute. He also looked extremely tired, his hand slipping down his cheek every 30 minutes. George once needed to nudge Clay awake after at one point he fell and didn’t wake up. He shot up, looking around before he seemed to register that he was in the lecture hall and calmed down, nodding at George and mumbling a small “Thanks.”

“Dude, are you OK? You look like shit,” George said, before covering his mouth. Clay laughed, before ruffling his hair.

“Ha, yeah. Sorry for making you worry, I just stayed up working on a mod for the game I play,” He responded, smiling softly. George smiled back, before shoving him softly.

“Dude, take better care of yourself. It’s not good to neglect your health.”

“Ha, never.”

“Drea-” George clasped his hands over his mouth before looking at Clay, who looked very confused and kind of... is that fear?

“Sorry, I was trying to say Clay, but I got it mixed up with part of a dream of mine,” George lied, knowing the lie was feeble but didn’t want Clay to point it out. Luckily, he didn’t say anything and just laughed it off.

“Anyway, I gotta run. But here’s my number in case you wanna just chat,” Clay said, scribbling his number on a sliver of paper and running off. George waved back, but froze as he read the paper.

“Hey Geo~”

“Does he know? Does he think I’m weird? Am I just going crazy?” George rambled, Nick scrolling through twitter on his phone.

“Probably not. He gets lazy and shortens everyone’s name. He literally insists on calling Darryl, Dare. It’s probably just his thing of shortening peoples names.”

“But what if he’s Dream, or what if he found my channel? What if he was just making fun of me?” George worried, before shaking Nick aggressively, “HELP ME! I’M DYING! I DON’T KNOW WHAT TO THINK!”

Nick managed to wrestle one hand out of his hold and gave him a small and slightly painful slap.

“Dude, so what if he knows you and Notgeo are the same person, it’s not that serious. Besides, if you were really scared you could always ask Bad for advice,” He said, escaping George’s hold and taking his seat back on the small couch.

[The Dream Team]

TotallyNotGeo: Guys emergency!

I think I’ve been found out.

Goodboyhello: Uh oh.

Is it really a bad thing in this case though?

Totallynotgeo: You know how I don’t like getting my personal and stream life mixed up.

Pissbaby: So you have a double life?

Neato

But honestly same lol

This guy i was talking to accidentally said dream and I got hella scared for a minute.

He kinda reminds me of you geo

Do you have a twin

Goodboyhello: Jesus dream, just type it all in one message.

Pissbaby: But if I do then someone could change the topic while I'm typing :(

Totallynotgeo: Good.

And no, I do not have a twin.

I'm one of a kind.

George thought for a minute, before typing his next message out carefully,

Totallynotgeo: Hey Dream?

Pissbaby: Lol ye

Totallynotgeo: Is your name Clay?

Chapter End Notes

SURPRISE! It's a cliff hanger!

Don't worry I'll post the rest a bit later, so stay tuned for that!

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

THIS IS NOT SHIPPING TUBBO AND TOMMY, I JUST LIKE THE IDEA OF TOMMY BEING THE ASSHOLE FRIEND WHO TORTURES HIS FRIENDS IN A FRIENDLY. LIKE THE TOKEN NICE ASSHOLE. Also they both said don't do that cuz ew they're literally (real life people) teenagers don't do that.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clay weighed his options. Tell the truth and possibly expose himself or lie and say his name was something more generic like Ben or something. His thoughts were interrupted by a ping from his discord.

[The Dream Team]

Totallynotgeo: nvm

Forget i said anything

Clay exhaled, before letting out a long groan. This was ridiculous, on one hand, he really wanted to let Geo know who he was, but if Geo was the same person as George (which was something he both wanted and didn't want) he didn't want him to think he was weird.

Clay had been thinking about his theory for a while; the names, personalities, and facecam all added up. Not to mention the uncannily similar voice and the fact that he had stated he was in college in passing once. What's more is that they share a friend circle, both online and offline. Geo is friends with sapnap who is friends with George, Geo is friends with Bad who is friends with George. All the evidence lined up, but Clay didn't want to consider that his friend, Geo, was the same George that he had spilled to Nick that he was simping over.

Clay sighed and dusted himself off, before leaving to the kitchen to find something to eat. As he opened the refrigerator however, he realized that neither him nor Alastair had gone to the store not far from campus. Clay sighed, resigning himself to just going to the Starbucks.

Arriving at the starbucks he was greeted by Techno and Wilbur, who resumed talking across the item pick-up area. Tommy was sitting at his usual corner table, texting on his phone (probably Toby seeing as how he kept rolling his eyes and mumbling "so annoying" despite having a fond look on his face). Clay walked over to the two older men, who seemed to be talking about their co-workers. Techno, seeing as how he was an assistant manager, was complaining about how no matter how many times he's sure he put Zak on the schedule, he never shows up for work (though they can't fire him because he's a favorite of all the starry eyed girls who come here to try and find

their college barista fanfiction boyfriend) and Floris, who keeps asking Will if it's professional to wear fake fox ears to work.

"-And I said to him 'Of course it's not professional dude. We don't have to know that you're a furry at work'!" Will explained, seemingly quite aggravated recalling the conversation.

"Ahem, excuse me. Shouldn't you two be doing your JOBS?" Clay asked, miming ringing a bell. Techno rolled his eyes and gave him the finger but walked over to the register anyway.

"Alright asshole, what do you want today?" He asked, a small smirk on his face. Clay grinned sarcastically before asking for a black coffee, which Wilbur gagged at, before grabbing the beans (ha, beans). Clay rolled his eyes at his friends before paying Techno and going to sit across from Tommy.

Once he took his seat across from the younger boy, said boy looked up, giving Clay a suspicious glare.

"So, Tomathy. Are you just, like, the gremlin of the campus starbucks?" Clay asked, resting his head on his hands. Tommy narrowed his eyes, before retorting,

"I'm not the GREMLIN, I just have to wait for Techno and Will to give me a ride home."

"Can't you catch the bus? I thought all English people were good at catching trains and buses," Clay asked, enjoying watching Tommy getting a bit riled up. He wouldn't say anything especially rude or hurtful. Just fuck with him for a bit; it would take the Geo situation out his brain.

"I know how to catch the bus, but if I need to get back to campus I would have to wait for the bus."

"Just call an uber."

"With what money?"

"All the money you get from streaming."

Tommy pouted at that, taking a sip of his drink (which Clay would later learn was a Caffe Mocha) and continued texting Toby.

"Did you get me some food while you were out?" Alastair asked, scrolling through her phone.

"Of course I did, I'm not an asshole," Clay said, tossing her a bag of lemon tarts.

"Nice," She called, ripping open the bag of tarts and stuffing one into her mouth, "So, what's your problem?"

"What problem, I don't have a problem," He told her, to which the woman gave him an increasingly more judgmental look.

"Ok, and I'm wearing a thong," She said, rolling her eyes as Clay glanced down at her crotch.

"Dude, it's a fucking expression. It's not literal, dumbass."

"Yeah. I-I knew that," He replied, flushing lightly before plopping down beside her.

"I don't know. Like, George is cute, but he could also be Geo; and while I don't want to consider

that possibility,” He explained, retracting himself further into the couch.

“What about George being Geo is a bad thing?”

“The fact that I’ve told people in the chat that I’m simping, and that I’ve mentioned things like the whole ‘pissbaby’ situation to Geo but I would literally DIE if George found out about that,” Clay elaborated, cringing at the thought of George knowing about the ‘Pissbaby’ situation. Alastair hummed in thought, before snapping and pointing at Clay.

“Yep. You’re screwed.”

#### Chapter End Notes

Double upload bitches!!! The story isn't almost over (hopefully) so aha, if you think they're gonna be smart then that's a big nope from me chief.

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Notes

I posted this while in class cuz fuck school

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George sighed, what was he thinking? Asking Dream if his name was Clay, breaching the small bit of trust they had built up. Asking each other's real names was something you shared to the group for fun, not because someone outed you because they wanted to know.

[The Dream team]

Totallynotgeo: Can you guys enter general 1?

“What’s up?” Asked Bad, entering almost immediately. George sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose. Sapnap joined after, along with Skeppy and Techno.

“I- I feel like I offended Dream by asking if Clay was his real name,” George said, “I mean, I’d be kind of offended if someone I just kind of met just asked ‘hey, is your name George’.”

“I mean, it probably just caught him off guard. Anyone asking if something is your name, regardless if it is or not is kind of strange. That’s like someone asking me if my name is Ben, I’d be caught off guard,” Techno replied, showing George a new perspective.

“Techno is right, Dream probably wouldn’t get mad over something that inconsequential. It’s not like it was on stream or something like that,” Bad replied. George exhaled, not even realizing he was holding his breath.

“Yeah, you’re right. Thanks guys.”

“Anyway, aren’t we supposed to stream today?”

After the stream (which went very well, besides the occasional dono asking where Dream was) George wanted to just take a nap forever; but alas, he had multiple classes he had to work on, and a plugin he had to finish coding for Wednesday’s video. Suddenly he noticed the piece of paper on his desk, with Clay’s number on it.

{Clay}

Is this clay?

*Who is this?*

It's George.

*Oh, hey George!*

*Lol, is it fine if I just call you Geo*

I'd prefer if you didn't

*Fine, I'll call you gogy*

Why?

*Before we were introduced i called you clout goggles, cuz half the time you had clout goggles on ur shirt*

*So ur just gogy*

I-

Ok.

I'll call you terracotta.

*Is that a minecraft joke?*

Maybe...

*I can't fucking beleive*

*Believe*

*Fuck*

Do you mean believe?

...

*I'm leaving*

*Spelling is stupid.*

George laughed at Clay, realizing talking to him over text was as easy as talking to him in person. Before a thought invaded his mind, 'Talking to Clay was just like talking to Dream.' George shoved the thought out of his mind, before deciding to bother Nick for a while on his stream. George slipped on his classic goggles, before bursting into Nick's room blasting WAP. Instead of screaming and getting scared like he expected, Nick just started singing along.

"I- how, what?!" George said laughing as Nick stood up to start dancing.

"I streamed my reaction, and the song was actually really catchy so I decided to listen to it on replay."

George took a seat on the bed behind Nick, as his chat blew up with people laughing at him.

"Guys, make sure you get a bunch of live cams of this, I wanna see so many of these on my timeline," He laughed, texting the server on his phone.

{The dream team]

Totallynotgeo: Are you guys watching Sapnap's stream?

Goodboyhello: Yeah, he looks stupbid.

\*stupid

Pissbaby: Lol what the fuck is this mans doing

Sapnap: Says you pissbaby.

George looked up to see Nick typing on his phone, before putting his phone down to continue playing Minecraft. George laughed as Sapnap died to a skeleton; Dream, who was in team speak, started calling Sapnap a ‘noob’ and ‘dumbass,’ leaving Sapnap to reply with a middle finger to his camera.

After the stream, or whenever George left, he decided that he should probably get something to eat; after all, he did have a whole paper to write for one of his other classes. George flipped through the small Chinese pamphlet they owned and settled on the beef and broccoli lo mien. He dialed the number, requesting extra egg rolls, and began putting on his jacket. The walk there wasn’t long, around 2 or three blocks away, however George was tired and hungry, meaning it would take him longer to get there. Especially with his mind filled with-

“NOPE! Not gonna think about it,” he called to no one but himself. Even the idea of thinking of the whole situation made his brain hurt; he could feel the beginnings of a headache begin blooming in the space between his eyebrows from all the worrying he was doing. So he slipped out into the night, wrapped in a light jacket and hungry as hell.

#### Chapter End Notes

ok, please stay in school yall, that was a joke

## Chapter 7

### Chapter Notes

pansexual gogy. Deal with it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Nick was scared. He, Bad, and Skeppy had all tried working together to set George and Clay up for months, however as soon as they decided to collab, shit hit the fan. George is getting too close to figuring out who Dream is, which is one thing they all know Dream would hate, Dream slipped up and called George, Geo, which is a big no-no, and their friendship feels like it's on thin ice. The three men met at the Starbucks, Zak coming over to their table while he was on break.

“So. There’s obviously a problem,” Darryl said, eating his breakfast sandwich passively.

“Well duh, they both have double lives that are extremely entwined with each other, it’s bound to either end up with them fucking or hating each other,” Zak said, typing idly on his phone, letting out a yelp when Darryl hit him.

“Language! But you’re right, It’s bound to get ugly.”

“So, what are we gonna do about it?” Nick asked. His friends looked between themselves before giving Nick a confused and distraught look. Sapnap put his hands in his arms before mumbling,

“We’re fucked.”

George laughed, hitting Clay lightly on the shoulder.

“That joke was so fucking stupid. I shouldn’t be laughing. It’s not funny,” he said. Clay looked at George with a soft look on his face. The room seemed to disappear and-

“Geo, you there?”

“Huh?” George asked, snapping awake. Apparently he fell asleep in team speak and had been sleep talking. He flushed bright red, given the *\*ahem\* context* of his dream before asking Dream.

“What did I say?”

“Something about someone named goggles, something about terracotta, and then you just started laughing,” He responded, completely oblivious to George’s turmoil. George whimpered into his hands, his face burning uncontrollably.

“You ok there Geo?” Dream asked, sounding equally concerned and amused.

“No~ I want to die.”

“Ooh~ did Geo have a wet dream?”

George’s head shot up, his face now on fire.

“What!?” he spluttered indignantly, “Of course not Dream. I’m not a pervert like you.”

“Don’t worry, it’s a natural part of life,” Dream responded, chuckling quietly. George was embarrassed. Although his dream was pretty tame by ‘wet dream’ standards, hell, some might not even call it that, it still made him feel dirty. He was having a(n) (admittedly nice) dream about one of his friends. He felt like he needed to take a shower.

“I gotta go take a shower. I’ll talk to you later,” he told Dream, grabbing boxers, a shirt and some sweatpants.

“Wait, dude. Didn’t you just take one like, a few hours ago?”

“I like to stay clean, DREAM. Are you saying you don’t like hygiene?”

Dream hummed, before responding something that would help shatter George’s perception of him.

“Hm, I do like my men smelling nice.”

George was stuck, the water was running down his back and he splashed his face with water. George had absolutely nothing against anyone LGBT+, after all he was the p in plus, but hearing someone he was fine having a small puppy crush on a straight guy; but now that he knew (or suspected) that Dream could be attracted to guys it could make it hard for George to keep his crush small and under control. George shook his head trying to clear his mind, before grabbing his washcloth to clean himself off.

After his shower he sat next to Nick on the couch, before turning to him.

“Do you wanna sit and watch a movie while I avoid some things that are plaguing my mind?”

Nick gave him a pitying look, before laughing and saying, “I have nothing better to do,” and going to get his laptop to hook it up to the TV.

Halfway through the third movie, George and Nick sharing a tub of Cookies and cream ice cream, before Nick asked.

“So, do you want to talk about it?”

George spilled the entire story, Nick nodding periodically, before he said,

“So, you think Clay is actually Dream and that he’s gay?”

“Not gay, per say, just mlm.”

“Multi-level marketing.”

“No, Nick. This is serious,”

George whined, as Nick chuckled before giving his friend an empathetic look.

“Look, I don’t know what you should do personally. If I was in that situation, I’d probably switch classes or avoid him; but you’re an infinitely nicer person than I am, so you’d crack and talk to him. I can’t do anything to help you personally, but I do hope that you can get it figured out. Just remember that I’ll support all of your decisions.”

George smiled back at Nick, before asking him if they could finish watching the movie and cuddle; Nick agreed, before wrapping the two of them in the large blanket they kept on their sofa.

#### Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is when shit really starts hitting the fan so... There's probably some angst in there.

## Chapter 8

### Chapter Notes

The semi-angst, as promised.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clay froze. He heard Geo mumble ‘terracotta’ multiple times through the course of his nap. Of course they had been playing minecraft not hours before Geo went to sleep, but the way he said it. It sounded-

“It sounded like George?” Alastair asked, scrolling through Lirika Matoshi’s website, looking for the elusive strawberry dress. Clay squinted at her, before asking, “Where are you going to get the money for that?”

“My sugar daddy, of course. Anyway, don’t avoid the question motherfucker; you were thinking of your Geo-George problem, weren’t you?” She asked, spinning around in her chair like a super villain, stroking Patches.

“When did you get Patches? She was at Techno’s.”

“Answer the question Clay.” She said, suddenly gaining a powerful aura.

“Fine, Yes. I was thinking of the whole George problem. He mentioned something about goggles and something about Terracotta, and I already told you that I’ve started calling George gogy, because he always wears clout goggles, and he called me Terracotta, for obvious reasons. It’s just. All of the coincidences line up, but I don’t want to consider it,” He answered, sitting down on the girl’s bed.

She gave him a pitying look before standing up to sit next to him. She began rubbing his back and asked, “What’s stopping you from accepting it. If Geo is fine with the Pissbaby situation then George probably would be too.”

“But Clay is supposed to be this semi-charming guy, but Dream is this weird psychotic big-brain gamer.”

Alastair looked at him, trying to keep from smiling before saying, “Oh honey, you aren’t charming. So don’t feel like too much of a different person.” Clay narrowed his eyes at her, before laughing sarcastically. Before looking down at his feet, suddenly feeling drained.

“I just. I like George and Geo too much to lose both of them. I don’t want to ruin everything I built.” He said. Alastair continued rubbing his back, before sitting up straighter, and turning to Clay.

“Here’s an idea that could be counted as kind of manipulative!”

“What? No! I don’t want to manipulate him!”

“Listen, how about on stream’s you drop subtle hints and teases that seem like you know. You could also make it seem like he figured it out before you did.” Clay sighed, his mind torn between

being nice and bottling it all up or using a little bit of manipulation to test the waters.

“Fine, what do I do?”

“Hello~ everyone and welcome to my. Stream. Basically today I’m doing tasks for Dream-”

“Ya’know, like a sugar baby.”

George blushed, his face becoming one of discomfort and shock, “Dream!” He called, looking around, asking his mods to delete any too nsfw messages.

“What? I didn’t lie. You’re doing tasks for me for virtually free money.” George pouted before rolling his eyes and continuing his intro. However, the flirting and fan-service didn’t end there; during the span of the stream Dream had said multiple times that he loved Geo, called him sweetie, honey, my dear (which made George melt, but to stop himself from combusting said he was uncomfortable with it. Luckily he stopped.) and even said, “Lol, one of my friends, I’ll call him Gogy. Called me a bitchboy and honestly. I’m kinda lovin it.” George stopped before laughing it off.

“Dude, you have such weird names for your friends. What the fuck kind of name is ‘Gogy’?”

“Cuz he always has clout goggles! Kinda like yours I guess,” Dream said, passing George some wood. George’s inner monologue at that point sounded like variations of “Fuckfuckfuckfuck” and “ohmyfuckinggodshitfuckplasekillme”

“Oh, so he’s stealing my style now, is he, *terracotta*? ”

“What?!” Dream laughed, before taking a deep breath and asking again, “Wh-hat?”

“What? I need terracotta for a pot.”

“You need bricks, not terracotta.”

“Same fucking deal, just give me the bricks.”

After the stream, George felt like he wanted to vomit. Dream and Clay are having way too many parallels to just be pure coincidence. The small pause when he called him Terracotta, the friend named Gogy, the way he texts sounds like the way he chats on discord. The voice similarities, everything’s adding up.

“NICKKKKKK!” He yelled, running into Nick’s room, who happened to be streaming. George burst in the room, not wearing his usual goggles, exposing his identity to the stream.

“I think I know who Dream is!”

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is in the works. But twt segments are hard to write.

## Chapter 9

### Chapter Notes

A short chapter cuz the next one is long.

Clay froze, George had busted onto Nick's stream, halfway through before screaming "I know who Dream is!"

Clay was scared; if he did correctly figure out Dream was Clay, then things could get real ugly, real quick. Clay started to panic, before deciding he needed to take a breath and think rationally. Before he fully realized something. Geo and George are the same people. Geo, who he flirts with behind the safety of the screen was the same person as George, who he sneaks small quips and flirts in there with. And Geo knows Dream likes George; and George likes Clay. But Geo doesn't like Dream.

"Fuck," he whispered, throwing his head back and tugging his fingers through his hair. At this point he would have a panic attack, and he could NOT have one an hour before class. Clay decided to get ready for class, it would take him a while and let him calm down. Hopefully after class this whole situation would have blown over.

It hadn't blown over. The stans wouldn't let it. All across dttwt it was stream related, whether it had to do with Geo's surprise appearance or with the news he knew who Dream really was.

**Please help** @brainnotfound

Ngl, might simp for no goggles Geo.

**Gia** @Gi\_art

OK BUT GEO KNOWING WHO DREAM IS? COME ON KING, GIVE US CLOSURE

**Bucci motherfucker** @homophobia

Hear me out, that Sapnap and Geo clip has the same energy as the jessica vine.

**User1299265** @yes.

Oop- you're not wrong.

Clay groaned again, deciding to mute all notifications from twitter. You know, take a break from social media. After his break this will have finally all blown over.

George didn't see or hear from Dream or Clay in weeks, furthering his theory. Even in classes when he did see the familiar yellow jacket as soon as he tried to go up to him he just said "Sorry, I have something to do, maybe next time?" The thing was, there never was a next time. Every time he said that, George knew that it was just him attempting to distance himself. Over 30 texts, dm's, chat requests and messages through his friends later, he wasn't even able to get a 'hello,' back.

George sighed, sitting down at the table across from Tommy, sliding a chair next to Toby.

"I need advice," He started, before Tommy held up his hand.

"Is it because Dream is ghosting you? Because if so, it's none of my business. Will said so."

George hit his head on the table before calling out to Will, who emerged from the back with an angry "What the FUCK do you want."

"Why won't you let Tommy help me? He's an adult, let him help."

"It's not his problem though; You're the one who fucked with Dream, you have to fix it."

"Dammit, you're right," George moaned, folding his arms over his head. Toby patted his head before letting out a sharp "ow!" as Tommy hit him.

"It isn't our problem to solve Toby, we have to let him figure it out on his own. Will's orders."

Toby gave George a sympathetic look before saying "sorry, Will's orders," Before he and Tommy stood up and left.

## Chapter 10

### Chapter Notes

the story is in fact, finished. But i'm gonna make y'all wait

Clay has a distinct memory, the first time he received fanart was the month after he started his channel. The fan had been saying something along the lines of thinking he and George's humor would work really well together. He had considered it, before realizing George had almost 500k subs and he barely had 50,000. He didn't realize that it would only be a year later that he would be best friends with him.

*"Had been"* his brain supplied, *"You isolated yourself from him, you're scared."* And he was scared, scared that George would hate him, scared he would tell him he didn't want to be friends, tell him he couldn't possibly be with someone who manipulated the situation. It was a case of Murphy's law, anything that could go wrong, would go wrong; and that was something he couldn't risk.

So he closed himself off from George, ignoring texts, calls and any other advances that seemed motivated by the need to talk to George. He stopped streaming, knowing his stream would blow up with messages about George. He stopped updating all of his socials. If he saw George in class, he would sit far away, before bolting out the classrooms; However, if George managed to catch him, asking to talk, he would make some feeble excuse about having work to do and leave. All of it came to a head when one day he got a text from Alastair.

[AlaSTAR★]

*Yo' Clay*

Whta's up?

\*whats

*I'm meeting up with some friends at a study group, can you get groceries so I can make dinner when I get home?*

Sure, just send me the lost

{one link}

Clay put on his jacket, before grabbing his keys, charger and phone and slipping out the door.

Arriving at the store, he looked at the list on his phone. Alastair requested he pick up Challah bread, eggs, and oil. Clay narrowed his eyes before thinking '*he's making french toast for dinner again, isn't he.*'

Clay sighed, before going to the bakery and looking at the challah bread packets, before bumping into someone.

"Oh sorry, my bad," He apologized before looking at the person. Staring back at him was George's familiar wide eyes and thin lips.

"Oh, Clay. Hi," He said, waving at him, before looking down and mumbling, "looks like you didn't have THAT much to do."

Clay grimaced, he felt dirty, lying to George hurt, but him knowing and saying that felt like a knife in his side.

"Look, this won't make up for the time I spent ghosting you, but, please. I'd like a chance to explain myself." George looked up, the fear and sadness in his eyes.

"Sorry, I have something to do, maybe next time?"

As soon as George got home he collapsed on the couch. He knew what he did was petty and rude, but Clay had avoided him for two weeks, leaving him to pick up the pieces of Dream team twitter. Everyone demanded to know who Dream was, asking if Dream was ok, asking if he was ok, asking him to show his entire face more, and so much more. He was tired and stressed, and seeing Clay there, his beautiful yellow (ok they're green but whatever George go off king) eyes distorted in sadness; his familiar smile, twisted into an almost grimace. He shouldn't have to see him like that, no- George shouldn't have been the one who made him look like that. Clay looked hurt and even slightly betrayed, seemingly upset with even the idea of George being anywhere near him. George wasn't stupid, he knew that he was the one Clay was avoiding. He knew he could have ended the stalemate by agreeing to talk to him, put everything out in the open and spill his guts. Bare his heart to Clay even; but this was the man that had been too cowardly to even pretend like nothing happened; ghosting George completely. If anything, George was the one with the right to be mad.

But, this isn't going to be solved by George being angry and calling Clay whatever myriad of names he could come up with. So he decided to take some time to himself. Recover from this betrayal, he couldn't risk anger being the last emotion he showed to Clay.

It had been four weeks since Dream went dark, and two since Geo did. Sapnap was probably the only reason Dream Team twitter wasn't losing their absolute shit. Almost all his chat messages were asking if Dream and Geo were ok, when they would come back and even if they were dead. Sapnap made sure to inform the viewers that both of them were very much alive and well, living their own lives, he didn't know when they were coming back and he hoped the viewers would be there when they were back. But the thing was.

He wasn't sure *if* they were coming back.

Clay had closed himself off from the world, only talking to any of their friends if he absolutely needed to, ignoring the worried glances and hushed whispers. Trying not to give away any information that could be relayed back to George. Going dark on all social media, even on his private accounts.

George, on the other hand, hadn't been nearly as closed off. He was still updating his (private) Twitter, he still talks to his friends, omitting any details with Clay or Dream, and going to class and performing well, however, Sapnap knew that behind closed doors he was hurting more than he showed. Too many nights he heard George sobbing for a love that never was, lamenting about the way everything went downhill because of one man.

None of this had any place for Sapnap, but if he had to say something, he would say they were two sides of the same coin. Dream has gotten tired of pretending, while George was hanging by a thread.

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Notes

One chapter left!

George had finally gotten over whatever funk the Dream/Clay situation put him in. Today would be the day he would corner Clay and make them talk out any kind of bad blood they had...

If Clay hadn't gotten extremely good at avoiding him.

Clay had somehow mastered staying away from anywhere he even thought George would hang out at. The Starbucks, the grocery near school, the Chinese place. He would even skip some classes that he knew they should have had together. So George made a plan; he knew Alastair and Clay were roommates, based on the fact Dream had said that he had roomed with Eret, so that helped him narrow down who he needed to look for. However, Alastair and he didn't share many classes, occasionally meeting up at the coffee shop for the study group. The next study group wasn't until next week and George didn't feel comfortable waiting a week. By that time he was sure that he would chicken out and let them both stew in their anger and hurt. George checked Alastair's snapchat, seeing the snapmap saying they were near the library. George put on his jacket, getting ready to hurry over there hoping to find out where Clay would be hiding.

When George got there, he didn't see them at all, he combed through the stacks multiple times, searching for them before finally feeling a tap on his back. When he spun around he stifled a scream. There they were, holding their two textbook binders under one arm and waving with the other.

"Hi, Nick said that you'd probably be looking for me here? He said something about you finally stopping moping and you'd track me down first," They said, laughing quietly. George blushed, embarrassed by the fact that Nick had predicted his plan.

"Yeah, I had been looking for you. I was wondering if you know where Clay is?"

Alastair's facial expression changed completely, taking on a sorrowful look.

"I- I don't know if he's ready for that," They said, rubbing the back of their neck before saying, "But I don't know if he'll ever be ready."

"Look, I'll give you our dorm number, Darryl and Zak live in the same building so if you call ahead they should be able to open the door for you."

George smiled at them, engulfing them in a hug. "Thank you so much Alastair, I owe you."

"I'll hold you to that."

Clay would never admit it, but he was getting worse. Everyday he ignored the situation, the worse his mental health got. He had gotten to the point that even hearing anything relating to minecraft would make him want to curl up in a ball and die. He had gotten almost all the unfinished coursework for his classes done, living on energy drinks, microwave ramen and shitty coffee from the corner store. Every time he closed his eyes, he'd see George's sad face; his voice taking on a broken tone as he parroted Clay's words back at him. A sharp knocking sound from the front door startled him. He rolled his eyes, assuming it was Alastair forgetting their keys again, before he opened it and was taken aback by the sight of George. His stance looked bold but inviting, his eyes lit up by a fire he couldn't see. Clay took a step back as George brushed past him and mumbled, "Honestly, you don't stream for a month and the quality of your life goes down this much?" Clay hurried after him, asking a myriad of questions.

"How did you get my room number?"

"Alastair gave it to me."

"How did you find them?"

"Snapmap."

"Why are you here?"

At that George turned around so quickly, Clay had to stop walking to avoid crashing into him.

"Because I'd just learned that my best friend and the guy I had a crush on had been the same damn person the whole time. Then he avoids me like I'm the plague."

Clay was taken aback yet again, before saying "Did you say you had a crush on me?"

"YES! I made that ABUNDANTLY apparent!" George yelled before turning and raking his hands through his hair and taking a deep breath in.

"Look, get dressed. We're going to Starbucks and we are going to talk this out like the adults we are."

"But-"

"Now."

## Chapter 12

### Chapter Notes

As promised, the last chapter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy twirled his straw idly, watching George and Clay converse at the table a few steps away from him. Toby walked over to the table and sat down, taking a drink of his hot chocolate.

“So, do you think they’ll figure it out?”

“I don’t know, but it also isn’t our problem,” Tommy said, pulling out his phone to check his Instagram. Before looking at Toby’s concerned face.

“Toby, look. They’ll figure it out, they’re adults and probably have dealt with worse. It’s not our place to intervene. Remember, Will’s orders.”

Toby nodded mumbling “Will’s orders.”

“So...what am I supposed to say?” Clay asked, looking at George, who gave him a pissed look and reached across the table to hit him.

“How about apologizing for disappearing on me for a month, asshole. Nick is barely holding Dream Team twitter by a thread.”

Clay laughed quietly before apologizing earnestly.

“I was just scared you’d hate me, I mean, I’ve figured it out a week before you did. I- I guess i just thought you’d think less of Clay if you found out he was also Dream. You know?”

George gave him a soft look before saying, “Well joke’s on you, I also play Minecraft.” Both of them began laughing before George looked back up at Clay.

“I don’t quite understand why you didn’t just try to talk to me. I wouldn’t have been mad if you told me.”

“It’s not that simple, I’m constantly scared that if people connect the online me with the real me. I feel like I couldn’t ever match up to everyone’s expectations of me,” Clay said, holding back tears. George placed his hand over Clay’s causing him to look back up at George.

“I understand the fact that you feel like you’d like you couldn’t match up to what everyone thinks of you, I get it. I don’t like telling anyone about my personal life in case they find something they

could cancel me over.”

Clay smiled again, and George gave him a comforting squeeze on his hand. Before saying “I finally feel comfortable telling someone about my life. So let’s introduce ourselves formally. Hi, I’m George, but I go by Geonotfound on Twitch.”

“George~ just say you love me~”

“Dream, Leave me alone!”

“You didn’t say that two months ago when you literally broke into my house and asked me to wife you up.”

George rolled his eyes and said “You did not ‘wife me up,’ I’m the one who actually made a move.”

Dream whined and Sapnap and Bad began laughing at his pain. George then managed to get a few hits on Dream, before Dream managed to get behind him and kill him.

“Dream! How dare you kill your boyfriend!”

“You called me a bitch boy earlier, it’s completely fine. Don’t worry I still love you~” George rolled his eyes and blushed, asking Bad to give him an iron sword.

After the minecraft manhunt video, George and Clay exited their offices and met up in the living room deciding to cuddle and watch movies instead of doing any kind of work that’s probably due in a week.

“You know, I’m kinda glad you ignored me for a month.”

“And why is that?”

“Because it made me learn that life without you is shit,” Clay said, tickling George slightly. George squirmed slightly before turning around.

“You are so sappy,” George said, before giving Clay a soft, tender kiss.

“But that’s why I like you.”

“I’m glad we first met,” Clay said, returning the kiss, wrapping his arms around the shorter man.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for reading this! This is actually the first story I’ve finished in 6 years and its all due to your support! For more updates and other story ideas that I’ll come up with please follow my Tumblr!

## End Notes

Comments and Kudos help keep me motivated!

Check out my [tumblr](#)

IF ANY OF YOU WANT TO SEE MY ART, MCYT RELATED OR OTHERWISE I  
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Thank you so much for reading this! This is my first fic over 10k and I'm very proud of it!  
Thank you again!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!